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LETTER

OUT OF
SCOTLAND,

FROM

Mr. R. L. S.

To His Friend, H. B.

IN

LONDON.



Honest Harry!

ACcording to my promise, I should have Wrote to you long since, to have given you an account how I squares go, but the grief and affright of heart I was in, and the long and tedious Journey, had so tyred me, that I was forced to lye a Bed and think of my wicked fate ; and whilst I was musing, I received the *Shelby*, or that damnd picture of *Ten-ser*, which so enraged me, that it put my before-heated Blood into a Feavor. What *Rogues* were these, to tye my dear Friend to my Arse too? I must confels they are now even with me for my *Fack-an-Apes on Horse-back*. I know *Hal*, thou wantest me, for I do not hear of any great Feats thou hast done since I left to brandish the Pen: And I as much long to be Scribling again, and having a longing desire, after I had rested a while, I had begun a Dialogue between *Fockey* and *Blew-cap*, but a Friend of mine coming in, made me burn my papers, for he told me, That it would prove to me more fatal than *Citt* and *Bumpkin*, or that between *Richard* and *Baxter*, or any other Dialogue I had ever wrote, for that these plaguy *Scots*, if they

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but smelt I was writing of *Dialogues* would knock out my Brains, and would never take it so patiently as the *Englisb* had done, He advis'd me therefore not so much as to think of writing in this place. I find indeed they are a company of surly Fellows, and that they but look a squint at greater persons than my self. I am not here known to be *R.* they would take me then for a Papist in *Masquerade*, and then I should surely go to pot, for they have an invetrate Hatred against all *Papists*, so that I am now putting on a new shape, and appear like a *Presbyterian*: what a sad thing is this, that I should feign the thing I so much hate? but *Hal*, Life is sweet, and tho' I am old, I care not to leave this World, for I know not if there be any Scribling in that to come; and since I am now at the worst pass, except Hanging, I desire to live to see a little more Mischiefe. Well *Hal*, let me tell thee there are some besides my self of my mind, and I am now scouring up my old Pistols, which I must now handle instead of my Pen: we are preparing, and things will not always run with so smooth a stream, we are puddling the Waters all we can, and let the *Citts* look to themselves, we may chance to have a brush at their Jacks. Those Furious Gentlemen at *Westminster*, that go on so vigorously, may perchance find some repulse, if the interest and power of my *Master* and the Popish party, are able to do it: We yet believe that it will not be so easie a matter for you to put the *Duke* besides the Saddle, what do you think he has no Friends? no Money? no Interest? nor Allies to help him? we are yet upon *Terra Firma*, and it will not be long e're my *Master* will give you a Civil Visit, he has Intreagues in his Head, and some Friends at the Helm who yet know how to Steer for his Interest. I confess that my Hopes are not so very great as they have been, for I did once believe that you should not have been able to have taken off any of the Heads of the Lords in the Tower, but I see I was mistaken, for one of them is taken off: You have droven furiously like *Fehen*, impeached the Judges, and almost all my *Masters Secret Friends*: On my Word 'tis high time for him to look about him, least they pull the painted *Fezabell* of the *Plot* out of the Windows, that the little Currs that have worried her hitherto, may lick her Blood. I had your Peers Speech too, 'tis brave that any durst speak so plain *Englisb*, but this comes of the Liberty of the Press; when I sat at the Helm, these things never were, I would have given it a squeeze, you know my Fingers were like Pitch, what ever they laid hold of, stuck to them so fast, they could never be got from them; I tell thee that Speech was almost as Bad as the *Appeal*, a dangerous *Libell*. Had I been at *London*, I would have Answered it, but I tell thee that

I have been so terrified with the inveterate hatred of these *Blew-Caps* against *Scriblers*, that I am fain to make them believe I never wrote in my Life : I dare not adventure to give you a Visit, tho' my Master should come, and tho' the *Parliament*, that *Bug-bear*, should be *Prorogued*, for I dare not be seen, least the *Bayliffs* should seize me; for I have not yet got the Money I was promised, and therefore I now write to you to certify my mind; but I know my Master is just to his Word, and I have hopes *Hal*, if we Thrive, I shall requite your kindness. I am thinking of some great place for thee, I will be thy True and constant Friend, and that *Broom* which was tyed to *Towfers* Tail, shall be Advanced to thy Crest, ever hereafter. But if we fail of our Hopes, I cannot be worse than I am, and therefore give me leave to Hope a little. I intend, when I dare to Write again, to Write a New History of the *Papish-Presbyterian-P L O T*, I will License it my own self, and no Body shall Print it but you, I will set them forth in their Colours, I have an excellent Defamitory Black taught me by an *Italian Jesuit*. But yet I cannot but sigh to think of the dismal present time; I am got into a Cold Country, where in silence I often hear my self Rail'd at most profoundly. I was ask'd by a *Pyde-mouth'd Rogue* the other Day, because I was an *English-Man*, whether I knew *R. L. S.* or as they term it, the *S. R.* and shewing me the Picture of *Towser*, ask'd me if it was not like him, and if it was Drawn by the Life? I could willingly have dashed his Teeth out if I durst: But *Hal*, since I cannot write as I was wont, because I must be Employed, I am now learning to play upon the *Scotch Bag-pipes*, which I will Endeavour to set up instead of the Organs in Churches: I am also learning to speak thorough the Nose, and am getting by Heart the *Scotch-Covenant*, I may be a *Prose-lite* at last, and put on that *Vizard*, as well as that of the *Protestant*. I know not how to end when once I have begun to you, but all I have now to desire of you, is, That you will send me all the News you can, both good and bad. I long to know if the *Parliament* shall Sit again, for some of us have here Great Expectations: I saw all the Votes and Resolves you sent me; God Bless me, said I, from falling under the Clutches of a *Parliament*; I think I did more wisely than Justice *Scroggs*, when I fairly run away; 'twas a madness I thought to Fight with Four or Five Hundred Resolute Men. I remember that Black Prophet Dr. *Oates*, once told me at *White-Hall*, twirling his Hat about, well Sir, we shall have a *Parliament*;

but I did not then believe him ; I now acknowledge him as great a Prophet as Mother *Shipton*, which the *Scots* I assure you have in Veneration. Our *Astrologers* here predict strange things from the Comet that has been lately seen here ; some say it portends the Downfall of the *Pope*, another of the *Popish Plot*, another of *Monarchy*, some of the King of *France*, others of the *Hierarchy* of the *Bishops*, they cannot agree, and to tell you the truth, I believe none of them ; I rather think it signifies the Advancement of some *Great Man* in our Northern parts, to high Honour and Dignity ; tho' a bold Fellow with his Bonnet on his Head, the other Night, looking at the Star, told me, when my Masters Beard was as long as the train of that Star, he should be King of *England*, and not before ; Thus the *World* goes, and people I see will speak their minds, and I cannot help it, I am forced now to endure all. I have no present to send you, if I had any thing by me for you to get a Penny by, I would. If you please, you may print this Letter, which I wrote by stealth, for if my Name be set to it, you know it will sell, what ever stuff is in it : Pray you therefore accept this as a New-Years Gift, for I have nothing else to send you. Let me hear from you as soon as you can, and direct your Letter for Mr. *Crack-fert*, Lodging at Old *Sanny's* the *Bagg-pipe-Maker*, in the *High-Street* in *Edinborow*. Farewel.

January 10.

I am Your Faithful Friend, R. L.

FINIS.

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